

AS A LUCKY SHOT.

ED A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUNTER'S LIFE, FIVE TIMES.

Good Aim, and When Quiet Was More Restored He Counted Up Five Bodies—No Wonder He Is Called a Story Teller.

up of men were sitting on the porch "swapping" yarns. "Some do not believe in luck; well, I do, tell you why," said the traveler paused and deliberately put his leg across the knee of his left and d pensive down the street. The pricked up their ears, for the was a famous story teller, and only judged that his remark was a prelude to the recital of one of ventures.

I was some 15 years younger now," continued the traveler, exceedingly fond of hunting. All my love of this sport led me to hunting trip in the Rocky mountains.

Was ambitious and wanted to grizzly bear skin and a few elk to my collection of trophies, and, if it might be, to let day through an Indian or two.

ell, for two weeks I hunted without sight of hair or track of elk, or Indian, and the thing was beginning to get monotonous, when one day found myself traversing the bottom of a deep canyon. I was alone, my having remained in camp on account of a sprained ankle. The bed of canyon was rent with deep fissures covered with great rocks, and its were seamed and cracked. A few shrubs and trees, of the kind the fond of feeding upon, grew along the bottom of the canyon, and to find some of the animals here the tender twigs. At last, just bounded a high point of rocks, I sight of an elk, a noble fellow, some 10 rods up the canyon face toward me. He was nose suspiciously, and I feared would not get shot at him unless quick about it. "Accordingly I my rifle to my shoulder, and taking aim at the broad, flat forehead

was totally unprepared for the effect of that shot. Almost at instant my finger pressed the trigger came a puff of white smoke from a rock some 20 rods up on the side of the canyon, and I saw an leap to his feet only to fall back at the same moment a pierce, seemingly coming from directly over my head. I to one side. As I did so, my nose froze with horror, for I lay directly over a rattlesnake, now lay not two feet from me, his head reared ready to strike.

ore I could make a movement to myself from this new danger upon the snake fell the body of the crashing out its life. The lion once or twice and then, to surprise, lay still. I had not had recover from the terror and ashen caused by these startling incidents when my ears were greeted with the bellowing, and looking up the I saw the elk charging down me. I whirled about, intending to safety in flight, when, to my utteration, not a dozen feet away and in the path I must pursue if I could my flight a monster grizzly bear himself up on his hind legs and wide open mouth rushed for me, in a awful situation. I could see no way of escaping. On the hand was the perpendicular wall canyon and on the left a deep.

Before was the grizzly bear and the rushing elk. Death faced me every turn. I trust I may feel the horror of that moment. The grizzly bear sprang forward and crush out my life with his arms and the elk gave a mighty his huge horns lowered ready to my body.

that moment my heart seemed to to my boots, and I fell flat upon the ground. With a crash like that of two locomotives, the animal over my prostrate form. The momentum of the elk bore him the bear over my body. For five seconds there was a tremendous struggle, then both beasts fell, together, to the ground, and in a more had expired. One of the horns of the elk had broken, and the bear had been broken by the bear with struggle. I bounded to my knowing whether to run or

so sudden, so terrible and so had been the dangers which had me. But everything was all my foes were dead.

Investigation I found that my had struck the elk at the base horns, where the bone is thick and after partially stunning it dashed diagonally across the fractured the brain of the Indian, concealed behind a rock, was upon me. The shock of the Indian enough to deflect the me and to pierce the heart of the lion just at the moment he sprang from a cliff in the rocky head. The lion landed upon me and crushed the life out before he had had time to strike, elk and the bear in their eagerness had destroyed each other.

"Oh, yes, sah," said the porter. "And how about a little wine?" queried the minister.

"I think I can fix you, sah," was the prompt and whispered reply.

"But," continued the reverend gentleman, "how about prohibition in Iowa?"

"Oh," said the porter, with a knowing wink, "we always pick our men, sah—San Francisco Argonaut."

He Picked His Men.

A prominent Methodist clergyman, who now resides in San Francisco, tells this incident, which occurred in Pullman sleeper while riding through Iowa. As the train passed over the state line into Iowa a seal was put on the liquor sideboard in the buffet, and the porter, wishing to test the enforcement of the prohibition law, called the porter and asked him if he could get a little whisky.

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How He Died.

Mrs. Mulcahey—Shirley, daughter, and it is the little Jimmy O'Toole bit more terminally in two and swallowed the mercury.

"Doctor—Yes, my dear madam, it is, and the boy is dead."

Mrs. Mulcahey—Shirley, daughter, and it were a cold day for Jimmy, poor boy, when the mercury went down.

Doctor—Yes, madam, he died by degrees—Hot Springs Medical Journal.

THE LAWYER'S VISION.

A Remarkable Instance of Physical Suffering and Thought Transference.

The Popolo Romano relates the following authentic fact, without giving more than the initial of the person to whom it occurred, a distinguished young lawyer of literary reputation, who stated that he could not give the most remote explanation of it: "Some years since, on a hot summer afternoon, the Avvocato A—, together with his wife and two children, left their house in Via Gaeta at 6 o'clock precisely for an evening walk. He was in good health and spirits, but just as they crossed the street he was suddenly seized with a shock through his whole body, which caused all the blood to leave his face and obliged him to support himself against the wall. His wife in alarm assisted him to steady himself, anxiously asking what was the matter.

"He recovered himself speedily and was able to continue the walk, only describing an unaccountable perturbation and humming in his ears. The evening breeze and exercise gradually calmed and revived him, and he completely regained his usual frame. They went to visit some friends and then rested at a cafe, when toward half past 11 o'clock a storm which had been gathering began the first blasts of wind, and they hurried home. Scarcely arrived indoors, the Avvocato A— hurried to remove some flowerpots from a balcony over the street, taking a lamp with him. The wind extinguished the light, so he had to continue his operations in the dark, only illuminated now and then by the lightning flashes. He was just lifting the last flower vase, an ornamental one, given him by his mother, when he was startled by seeing a kind of black veil waving upward close in front of him, which, as it rose, assumed a human form.

"Very much disturbed, he immediately related the strange appearance to his wife, and the perturbation before experienced again overcame him, leaving him unable to sleep all night. Early in the morning came a telegram from his brother at Ferrara stating that their mother had been suddenly seized with cerebral syncope the previous evening at 6 o'clock and had expired at midnight, just as the Avvocato A— had seen the black veil vanish into space."

A Tender-Handed Tramp.

Robert James Gordon, a casual, declined to break stone in return for food and shelter at the Newcastle workhouse, and doubtless much to the surprise of the workhouse authorities successfully resisted the proceedings taken against him for that act of insubordination. Being called on in the Newcastle police court to explain his refusal, Mr. Gordon, who appears to be an educated man and is described as speaking "logically and fluently," asked the bench to consider what such work meant to a man like him.

His hands would, he said, become quite lacerated, and were he a clerk or a tailor the result would be that in searching for employment afterward he would be unable to follow it. In the case of a shorthand writer, too, he asked how he would be able to write 130 words per minute if his hands were mangled in the way they assuredly would be after breaking a ton of stone. His chances of gaining work were thus minimized, and he "submitted respectfully" that according to law the master of the workhouse did not use any of the discretion which the regulations directed him to use.

After the magistrates had consulted together for some time, the chairman stated that the bench could not agree upon a decision, and that the defendant would thus get the benefit of the circumstance. Personally, he added, he should certainly have punished him, but his colleague being of a different opinion they had concluded to dismiss the case.—London News.

One Consolation.

On the deck at Tripoli may be seen a curious collection of articles. They represent import and export taxes and are sold by the customs officials. The import tax is 8 per cent of the value, and the export tax is 1 per cent. If any one refuses to pay the tax, the officials take possession of one-eighth of the merchandise.

Some time ago a European foreign minister visited Tripoli in the service of his country. He had with him 300 visiting cards. When a tax was demanded on these, he was angry and refused to pay it. A high official of the government was summoned to settle the matter.

He solemnly confiscated 8 per cent of the merchandise in question, 24 visiting cards.

"Very well, keep them," cried the irate ambassador, "keep them. I resign myself. I shall not be obliged to pay you a visit of ceremony for 24 years." Youth's Companion.

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Light and Happiness Come to You

if you're a suffering woman. The messenger in this case is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Maidenhood, Womanhood, Wifehood, Motherhood, all need the best of care, proper regard for hygiene and the "Prescription."

It's a tonic and nervine, remedy prescribed by an eminent physician and specialist for all the peculiar ills and ailments of women.

Some dispositions are sunny even in pain. But, it was not meant that women should suffer so. She need not, while there's a remedy that regulates and promotes all the proper functions, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and vigor. In the "complaints," weaknesses, and irregularities of womanhood, it's the *only* guaranteed remedy.

If it fails to benefit or cure, you get your money back.

R is perfectly, permanently and positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer, it's \$500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all dealers in medicines; 50 cents.

HEATH & DRAKE

BLACK GOODS!

All-Wool Henriettes, 50, 60, 69, 75 cts. per yard upward.

Silk Warp Henriettes, 79c., 80, 10, 12, 15, 1.50 per yard.

Silk Warp Anna, 1.50, 1.75 per yard.

Silk Warp Melrose, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 per yard.

All-Wool Alpine Cloth, 50, 60, 75, 80, 90 cts. per yard upward.

All-Wool Thibet Cloth, 50, 60, 75, 84, 90 cts. per yard.

Storm Sashes, 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25 per yard.

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